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THE SECOND BATTLE

OF

MANASSAS:

WITH

SKETCHES OF THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN NORTHERN VIRGINIA AND ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.

PREPARED FROM SPECIAL MATERIALS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR."

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SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS, Etc.

I.

Little more than three months have elapsed since the columns of a hostile army were debouching on the plains near Richmond, when an evacuation of the city and a further retreat of the Confederate army were believed by nearly all official persons the most prudent and politic steps that the government could take under the circumstances. When we recollect these things, and compare them with the present position of affairs and the menacing attitude of the victorious armies of the South on the frontiers of the North, we are lost in amazement at a change of fortune so rapid.

But it is to be borne in mind, in studying so violent and unexpected a contrast, that the late forlorn situation of the Confederacy was not the result of radical weakness. The South had always the power to excel the North in war; she was beaten for awhile, because she occupied a false position and was placed in an unnatural attitude.

As the opposing armies of the war stand this day, the South has causes for congratulation and pride such, perhaps, as no other people ever had in similar circumstances. The North had a population of twenty-three millions against eight millions serving the South, and of these eight millions nearly three millions were African slaves. The white population of New York and Pennsylvania was greater than that of the Confederate States. Manufacturng establishments of all descriptions rendered the North a self-sustaining people for all

the requirements of peace or war; and, with these advantages, they retained those of an unrestricted commerce with foreign nations. The South, on the other hand, with only a few insignificant manufactories of arms and materials of war, textile fabrics, leather, &c., had been cut off by an encircling blockade for fifteen months from all those supplies upon which she had depended from the North and from Europe, in the way of arms, munitions of war, clothing, medicines, and many of the essentials of subsistence.

The South was without the vestige of a navy, except a straggling ship or two, while that of the North in this war was equal to a land force of three or four hundred thousand men. The South was nearly exhausted of the commonest articles of food, while the Northern States had a superabundance of all the essentials and luxuries of life. The Northern troops, *en masse*, were better armed, equipped and subsisted than those of any other nation, while those of the South were armed with all sorts of weapons—good, bad and indifferent—clothed in rags, fed upon half rations; and yet, advancing upon the Northern borders, they threatened, at least so far as to alarm their enemy, the invasion of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and the occupation of the Northern capital.

II.

The career of Gen. McClellan, after his useless and inglorious march to Manassas, his long delay on the banks of the Potomac and Chesapeake, his final landing upon the Peninsula and melancholy experience of the Chickahominy swamps, found this commander at last at the head of an immense army with the Chickahominy in his front. He threw a portion of his army across the river, and, having thus established his left, proceeded to pivot upon it, and to extend his right by the

right bank of the Pamunkey, so as to get to the north of Richmond. Scarcely had he done so, when the Confederates attacked the left, which had crossed the Chickahominy, inflicted on it a severe defeat, took guns and prisoners, and only retired when a large and supporting force of the enemy was thrown across the river.

On the 26th of June, the Confederates directed an attack on the right wing of the Yankees, between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey, in heavy force. The result of the series of engagements which ensued was the liberation of the Confederate capital, a sudden illumination of the fortunes of the South, and the retreat of the whole Yankee army that had threatened Richmond to a safe point on the James River.

III.

The defeat of McClellan before Richmond, like most of the reverses of the Yankees sustained on the soil of the South, was the signal for new and enlarged preparations in the North to carry on the war and contest its waning fortunes.

We are especially called upon to notice the spirit of the preparation made by the North for a "more vigorous prosecution of the war." This spirit was remarkable for its venom and for a display of violent and brutal passions, which had been enraged by defeat. There had long been a party in the North who mistook brutality in war for vigour, and clamoured for a policy which was to increase the horrours of war by arming the slaves, and making the invaded country of the South the prey of white brigands and "loyal" negroes. This party was now in the ascendancy. It had already obtained important concessions from the Washington government. The Confiscation Bill, lately enacted at Washington, confiscated all the slaves belonging to those who were loyal to the South, con-

stituting nine-tenths at least of the slaves in the Confederate States. In the Border States, occupied by the North, slavery was doomed by a policy of slow but certain extinction. The work of emancipation had already been carried out in the District of Columbia and the territories of the United States. A military act had also been passed by the Yankee Congress arming the negro slaves and placing them at the disposal of the commanders in the invaded districts of the South.

These concessions to the radical party in the North excited new demands. The rule which was urged upon the government, and which the government hastened to accept, was to spare no means, however brutal, to contest the fortunes of the war, and to adopt every invention of torture for its enemy. The slaves were to be armed and carried in battalions against their masters. The invaded country of the South was to be pillaged, wasted and burnt; the Northern troops, like hungry locusts, were to destroy every green thing; the people in the invaded districts were to be laid under contributions, compelled to do the work of slaves, kept in constant terrour of their lives, and fire, famine and slaughter were to be the portions of the conquered.

This malevolent and venomous spirit pervaded the whole of Northern society. It was not only the utterance of such mobs as, in New York city, adopted as their war cry against the South, "*kill all the inhabitants;*" it found expression in the political measures, military orders and laws of the government; it invaded polite society, and was taught not only as an element of patriotism, but as a virtue of religion. The characteristic religion of New England, composed of about equal quantities of blasphemy and balderdash, went hand in hand with the war. Some of these pious demonstrations were curious, and bring to remembrance the fanaticism and rhapsodies of the old Puritans.*

* No one affected the peculiarity of the Puritans more than Gov. Andrews, of Massachusetts. The following pious rant is quoted from one of his

The Yankee army chaplains in Virginia alternately disgusted and amused the country with the ferocious rant with which they sought to inspire the crusade against the South. One of these pious missionaries in Winchester, after the regular Sunday service, announced to the assembled Yankee troops an imaginary victory in front of Richmond, and then called for "three cheers and a tiger and Yankee Doodle." In a sermon preached near the enemy's camp of occupation, the chaplain proclaimed the mission of freeing the negroes. He told them they were free, and that, as the property amassed by their masters was the fruit of the labours of the blacks, these had the best title to it and should help themselves. In Charlestown, the scene of the execution of John Brown for violation of law, sedition and murder, a sermon was preached by an army chaplain on some text enjoining "the mission of proclaiming liberty;" and the hymn given out and sung was—

"John Brown's body hangs dangling in the air,
Sing glory, glory, hallelujah!"

These, however, were but indications displayed of a spirit in the North, which, with reference to the practical conduct of the war, were serious enough.

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speeches at Worcester; in blasphemy and bombast it equals any of the fulminations of the "Pilgrim Fathers"—

"I know that the angel of the Lord, one foot on the earth and one on the sea, will proclaim in unanswerable language, that four millions of bondmen shall ere long be slaves no longer. We live in a war, not a riot, as we thought last year, with a half million in the field against an atrocious and rebellious foe. Our government now recognizes it as a war, and the President of the United States, fulminating his war orders, has blown a blast before which the enemy must fly. Rebellion must fall, and they who have stood upon the necks of so many bondsmen shall be swept away and four million souls rise to immortality.

"Ah, foul tyrants! do you hear him where he comes?
Ah, black traitors! do you know him as he comes?
In the thunder of the cannon and the roll of the drums,
As we go marching on.

Men may die and moulder in the dust—
Men may die and arise again from the dust,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the just,
When God is marching on.

By a general order of the Washington Government, the military commanders of that government, within the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, were directed to seize and use any property, real or personal, belonging to the inhabitants of this Confederacy which might be necessary or convenient for their several commands, and no provision was made for any compensation to the owners of private property thus seized and appropriated by the military commanders of the enemy.

But it was reserved for the enemy's army in Northern Virginia to exceed all that had hitherto been known of the savage cruelty of the Yankees, and to convert the hostilities hitherto waged against armed forces into a campaign of robbery and murder against unarmed citizens and peaceful tillers of the soil.

On the 23d of July, 1862, General Pope, commanding the forces of the enemy in Northern Virginia, published an order requiring that "all commanders of any army corps, divisions, brigades, and detached commands, will proceed immediately to arrest all disloyal male citizens within their lines, or within their reach, in rear of their respective commands. Such as are willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and will furnish sufficient security for its observance, shall be permitted to remain at their homes and pursue in good faith their accustomed avocations. Those who refuse shall be conducted South, beyond the extreme pickets of this army, and be notified that, if found again any where within our lines, or at any point in rear, they will be considered spies and subjected to the extreme rigour of military law. If any person, having taken the oath of allegiance as above specified, be found to have violated it, he shall be shot, and his property seized and applied to the public use."

By another order of Brigadier-General Steinwehr, in Pope's command, it was proposed to hold under arrest the most prominent citizens in the districts occupied by the enemy, as hostages, to suffer death in case of any of the Yankee soldiers

being shot by "bushwhackers," by which term was meant the citizens of the South who had taken up arms to defend their homes and families.

IV.

The Washington government had found a convenient instrument for the work of villainy and brutality with which it proposed to resume the active campaign in Virginia.

With a view to renewed operations against Richmond, large forces of Yankee troops were massed at Warrenton, Little Washington and Fredericksburg. Of these forces, entitled the "Army of Virginia," the command was given to Major-General John Pope, who boasted that he had come from the West where "he had only seen the *backs* of the enemy."

This notorious Yankee commander was a man nearly forty years of age, a native of Kentucky, but a citizen of Illinois. He was born of respectable parents. He was graduated at West Point in 1842, and served in the Mexican War, where he was breveted Captain.

In 1849 he conducted the Minnesota exploring expedition, and afterwards acted as topographical engineer in New Mexico, until 1853, when he was assigned to the command of one of the expeditions to survey the route of the Pacific railroad. He distinguished himself on the overland route to the Pacific by "sinking" artesian wells and government money to the amount of a million dollars. One well was finally abandoned incomplete, and afterwards a perennial spring was found by other parties in the immediate vicinity. In a letter to Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, urging this route to the Pacific, and the boring these wells, Pope made himself the *especial champion of the South.*

In the breaking out of the war, Pope was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He held a command in Missouri for some time before he became particularly noted. When Gen.

Halleck took charge of the disorganized department, Pope was placed in command of the District of Central Missouri. He was afterwards sent to South-eastern Missouri. The cruel disposition of the man, of which his rude manners, and a vulgar bearded face, with coarse skin, gave indications, found an abundant field for gratification in this unhappy State. His proceedings in Missouri will challenge a comparison with the most infernal record ever bequeathed by the licensed murderer to the abhorrence of mankind. And yet, it was his first step in blood—the first opportunity he had ever had to feast his eyes upon slaughter and regale his ears with the cries of human agony.

Having been promoted to the rank of Major-General, Pope was next appointed to act at the head of a corps to co-operate with Halleck in the reduction of Corinth. After the evacuation of Corinth by Gen. Beauregard, Pope was sent by Halleck to annoy the rear of the Confederate army, but Beauregard turned upon, and repulsed his pursuit. The report of Pope to Halleck, that he had captured 10,000 of Beauregard's army, and 15,000 stand of arms, when he had not taken a man or a musket, stands alone in the history of lying. It left him without a rival in that respectable art.

Such was the man who took command of the enemy's forces in Northern Virginia. His bluster was as excessive as his accomplishments in falsehood. He was described in a Southern newspaper as a "a Yankee compound of Bobadil and Munchausen." His proclamation, that he had seen nothing of his enemies "but their backs," revived an ugly story in his private life, and gave occasion to the witty interrogatory, if the gentleman who cowhided him for offering an indignity to a lady was standing with his back to him when he inflicted the chastisement. The fact was that Pope had won his baton of marshal by bragging to the Yankee fill. He was another instance, besides that of Butler, how easily a military reputation might be made in the North by bluster, lying, and acts of coarse cruelty to the defenceless. On what monstrous principles he

commenced his career in Virginia, and what orders he issued are still fresh in the public memory.

"I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases, (said Pope to his army,) which I am sorry to find much in vogue among you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them; of lines of retreat and bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is the one from which he can most easily advance upon the enemy. Let us study the probable line of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of itself. Let us look before and not behind. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear."

On establishing his headquarters at Little Washington, the county seat of Rappahannock, Pope became a source of mingled curiosity and dread to the feeble villagers. They were in a condition of alarm and anguish from the publication of his order, to banish from their homes all males who should refuse to take the Yankee oath of allegiance. Dr. Bisphaw of the village was deputed to wait upon the Yankee tyrant, and ask that the barbarous order be relaxed.

He painted, at the same time, the agony of the women and children, and stated that the effect would be to place six new regiments in the rebel service. "We can't take the oath of allegiance," said the Doctor, "and we won't—man, woman or child—but we will give a parole to attend to our own business, afford no communication with the South, and quietly stay upon our premises.

"I shall enforce the order to the letter," said General Pope. "I did not make it without deliberation, and if you don't take the oath you shall go out of my lines."

In the short period in which Pope's army was uninterrupted in its career of robbery and villainy in Northern Virginia, every district of country invaded by him or entered by his marauders was ravaged as by a horde of barbarians. This portion of Virginia will long bear the record and tradition of the irruption of the Northern spoilsmen. The new usage

which had been instituted in regard to protection of Confederate property, and the purpose of the Washington government to subsist its troops upon the invaded country, converted the "Army of Virginia" into licensed brigands and let loose upon the country a torrent of unbridled and unscrupulous robbers. The Yankee troops appropriated remorselessly whatever came within their reach. They rushed in crowds upon the smoke-houses of the farmers. On the march through a section of country, every spring-house was broken open; butter, milk, eggs and cream were engulphed; calves and sheep, and, in fact, anything and everything serviceable for meat, or drink, or apparel, were not safe a moment after the approach of the Yankee plunderers. Wherever they camped at night, it would be found the next morning that scarcely an article, for which the fertility of a soldier could suggest the slightest use, remained to the owner. Pans, kettles, dishcloths, pork, poultry, provisions and everything desirable had disappeared. The place was stript, and without any process of commissary or quartermaster.

Whenever the Yankee soldiers advanced into a new section the floodgates were immediately opened and *fac simile* Confederate notes (this spurious currency being manufactured in Philadelphia and sold by public advertisement for a few cents to Yankee soldiers) were poured out upon the land.* They

* The Northern trade in this counterfeit money was open and undisguised; enticing advertisements of its profit were freely made in the Northern journals, and circulars were distributed through the Federal army proposing to supply the troops with "rebel" currency almost at the price of the paper on which the counterfeit was executed. We copy below one of these circulars found on the person of a Yankee prisoner; the curiosity being a court paper in the possession of Mr. Commissioner Watson, of Richmond:

"$20 *Confederate Bonds!!* I have this day issued a Fac-simile $20 Confederate Bond—making, in all, fifteen different Fac-simile Rebel Bonds, Notes, Shinplasters and Postage Stamps issued by me the past three months.

Trade supplied at 50 cents per 100, or $4 per 1000. All orders by mail or express promptly executed.

☞ All orders to be sent by mail must be accompanied with 18 cents in postage stamps, in addition to the above price to prepay the postage on each 100 ordered. Address, S. C. UPHAM,
403 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

N. B. I shall have a $100 Rebel Note out this week."

were passed indiscriminately upon the unsuspecting inhabitants, poor as well as rich, old and young, male and female. In frequent instances, this outrage was perpetrated in return for kind nursing by poor, aged women.

These spurious notes passed readily, and seemed to be taken gladly for whatever was held for sale. Bank notes and shinplasters were given for change. Horses and other valuable property were often purchased with this bogus currency. A party of Yankee soldiers entered a country store, fortified with exhaustless quantities of Philadelphia Confederate notes, and commenced trade. Forty pounds of sugar was first ordered, and the storekeeper, pleased with the sudden increase of business, called in his wife to assist in putting up the order in small parcels. Seventy-five cents a pound was the cost. That was a small matter. Matches were purchased. Twenty-five cents per box was the charge. Tobacco also found a ready market. Each man provided himself with a straw hat; but the crowning act of all was the abstraction from the till of money already paid to the dealer for his goods, and the purchase of more goods with the same spurious medium.

Such acts of villainy and the daily robberies committed by Pope's soldiers were very amusing to the Northern people, and gave them a stock of capital jokes. "I not long ago saw," wrote a correspondent of a Yankee newspaper, "a dozen soldiers rushing headlong through a field, each anxious to get the first choice of three horses shading themselves quietly under a tree. The animals made their best time into the farthest corner of the field with the men close upon them, and the foremost men caught their prizes and bridled them as if they had a perfect immunity in such sort of things. A scene followed. A young lady came out and besought the soldiers not to take her favourite pony. The soldiers were remorseless and unyielding, and the pony is now in the army."

It is not within the design of these pages to pursue the stories of outrage, villainy and barbarism of the enemy's armies in Virginia; but with what we have said intended only to

show the spirit of that army and the character of its leader, we shall hasten to describe the series of events which, at last, confronted it with an army of avengers on the historic Plains of Manassas, and culminated there in a victory, which liberated Virginia from its invaders, broke the "line of the Potomac" from Leesburg to Harper's Ferry, and opened an avenue for the first time into the territory of the North.

V.

The Northern newspapers declared that Pope was right when he said that he was accustomed to see the backs of his enemy, and were busy in assuring their readers that his only occupation was to chase "the rebel hordes." It was said that he had penetrated as far as Madison Court-house without secing any enemy. The Southern troops, it was prophesied, would keep on their retreat beyond the Virginia Central railroad. Pope's army was now as far in the interiour, by overland marches, as any of the Yankee troops had ever been. The position of his advance was described as about ten miles east of Port Republic, with an eye on the Shenandoah Valley; and it was boasted that the second Napoleon of the Yankees had already complete possession of the country north of the Rapidan River, and only awaited his leisure to march upon Richmond.

These exultations were destined to a sharp and early disappointment. The Confederate authorities in Richmond knew that it was necessary to strike somewhere before the three hundred thousand recruits called for by the Washington government should be brought to the field to overwhelm them. It was necessary to retain in the strong works around Richmond a sufficient force to repulse any attack of McClellan's army; but at the same time the necessity was clear to hold Pope's forces in check and to make an active movement against

him. The execution of this latter purpose was entrusted to Jackson, the brave, eccentric and beloved commander,* who had achieved so many victories against so many extraordinary odds and obstacles; all the movements of the campaign being directed by the self-possessed, controlling and earnest mind of General Lee.

The insolent enemy received his first lesson at the hands of the heroic Jackson on the wooded sides and cleared slopes of the mountainous country in Culpeper. In consequence of the advance of the Confederates beyond the Rapidan, Major-General Pope had sent forward two army corps, commanded by Gen. Banks, to hold them in check.

On the evening of the 8th of August, a portion of Gen. Jackson's division, consisting of the 1st, 2d and 3d brigades, under the command of Gen. Charles S. Winder, crossed the Rapidan River, a few miles above the railroad, and, having advanced a mile into Culpeper county, encamped for the night. The next morning, the enemy being reported as advancing, our forces, Ewell's division being in advance, moved forward on the main road from Orange Court-house to Culpeper Court-house, about three miles, and took position—our left flank resting on the Southwest Mountain and our artillery occupying several commanding positions. At 12 M., our forces com-

* There have been a great many pen and ink portraits of the famous "Stonewall" Jackson; the singular features and eccentric manners of this popular hero affording a fruitful subject of description and anecdote. A gentleman, who was known to be a rare and quick judge of character, was asked by the writer for a description of Jackson, whom he had met but for a few moments on the battle-field. "He is a fighting man," was the reply; "rough mouth, and nostrils big as a horse's." This description has doubtless much force in it, although blunt and homely in its expression. The impression given by Jackson is that of a man perhaps forty years old, six feet high, medium size, and somewhat angular in person. He has yellowish-grey eye, a Roman nose, sharp; a thin, forward chin, angular brow, a close mouth, and light brown hair. The expression of his face is to some extent unhappy, but not sullen or unsocial. He is impulsive, silent and emphatic. His dress is official, but very plain, his cap-front resting nearly on his nose. His tall horse diminishes the effect of his size, so that when mounted he appears less in person that he really is.

menced cannonading, which was freely responded to by the enemy, who did not seem ready for the engagement, which they had affected to challenge. Indeed, some strategy seemed necessary to bring them to fight. About 3 P M., Gen. Early's brigade (Ewell's division) made a circuit through the woods, attacking the enemy on their right flank, the 13th Virginia regiment being in the advance as skirmishers. At 4 o'clock the firing began, and soon the fight became general. As Gen. Jackson's division, then commanded by Gen. Winder, were rapidly proceeding to the scene of action, the enemy, guided by the dust made by the artillery, shelled the road with great precision. It was by this shelling that the brave Winder was killed. His left arm shattered and his side also wounded, he survived but an hour. At a still later period, a portion of Gen. A. P. Hill's division were engaged. The battle was mainly fought in a large field near Mrs. Crittenden's house, a portion being open, and the side occupied by the Yankees being covered with luxuriant corn. Through this corn, when our forces were considerably scattered, two Yankee cavalry regiments made a desperate charge, evidently expecting utterly to disorganize our lines. The result was precisely the reverse. Our men rallied, ceased to fire on the infantry, and, concentrating their attention on the cavalry, poured into their ranks a fire which emptied many a saddle, and caused the foe to wheel and retire, which, however, they effected without breaking their columns. For some time the tide of victory ebbed and flowed, but about dark the foe finally broke and retreated in confusion to the woods, leaving their dead and many of their wounded, with a large quantity of arms and ammunition upon the field. Daylight faded and the moon in her full glory appeared, just as the terrours of the raging battle gave way to the sickening scenes of a field where a victory has been won.

The battle of Cedar Run, as it was entitled, may be characterized as one of the most rapid and severe engagements of the war. In every particular it was a sanguinary and des-

perate struggle, and resulted in a complete and decisive victory for our arms. Our forces engaged amounted to about eight thousand, whilst those of the enemy could not have been less than fifteen thousand. Our loss was near six hundred killed, wounded and missing; that of the enemy little, if any, less than two thousand. We captured nearly five hundred prisoners, over fifteen hundred stand of arms, two splendid Napoleon guns, twelve wagon loads of ammunition, several wagon loads of new and excellent clothing, and drove the enemy two miles beyond the field of battle, which we held for two days and nights.

The battle was remarkable for an extraordinary and terrific "artillery duel." In fact, the fire was conducted with artillery alone for more than three hours. The opposing batteries unlimbered so close to each other that, during the greater part of the firing, they used grape and canister. Those working our battery could distinctly hear the hum of voices of the infantry support of the Federal battery. The Louisiana Guard artillery and the Purcell battery were ordered to take position and open on the enemy from the crest of a hill. Here they found themselves opposed by five batteries of the enemy within short range. The battle raged fiercely, the enemy firing with great precision. The accuracy of our fire was proved by the fact, that the enemy, though their guns were more than twice as numerous, were compelled to shift the position of their batteries five separate times. Once during the fight, the enemy's sharpshooters, under cover of a piece of woods, crept up within a short distance of our batteries and opened on them, but were instantly scattered by a discharge of canister from one of the howitzers.

VI.

The battle of Cedar Mountain was the natural preface to that larger and severer contest of arms which was to baptize, for a second time, the field of Manassas with the blood of Southern patriots, and illuminate it with the splendid scenes of a decisive victory. It convinced the North of the necessity of a larger scale of exertion and a concentration of its forces in Virginia to effect its twice-foiled advance upon the capital of the Confederacy. It was decided by the Washington government to recall McClellan's army from the Peninsula, to unite his columns with those of Pope, to include also the forces at Fredericksburg, and, banding these in a third Grand Army more splendid than its predecessors, to make one concentrated endeavour to retrieve its unfortunate summer campaign in Virginia, and plant its banners in the city of Richmond.

Not many days elapsed before the evacuation of Berkeley and Westover, on the James River, was signalled to the authorities of Richmond by the large fleet of transports collected on the James and the Rappahannock. It became necessary to meet the rapid movements of the enemy by new dispositions of our forces; not a day was to be lost; and by the 17th of August, Gen. Lee had assembled in front of Pope a force sufficient to contest his further advance, and to balk his threatened passage of the Rapidan.

After the battle of Cedar Mountain, the forces under Stonewall Jackson withdrew from the vicinity of the Rapidan, and were for some days unheard of, except that a strong force was in the vicinity of Madison Court House, some twelve miles to the westward, in the direction of Luray and the Shenandoah valley; but it was supposed by the enemy that this was only a wing of the army under Ewell, intended to act as reserves to Jackson's army, and to cover his retreat back to Gordonsville.

Not so, however. These forces of Ewell, as afterwards discovered by the Yankees to their great surprise, were the main body of Jackson's army, *en route* for the Shenandoah valley.

It was probably the design of Gen. Lee, with the bulk of the Confederate army to take the front, left and right, and engage Gen. Pope at or near the Rapidan, while Jackson and Ewell were to cross the Shenandoah river and mountains, cut off his supplies by way of the railroad, and menace his rear. The adventure, on the part of Jackson, was difficult and desperate; it took the risk of any new movements of Pope, by which he (Jackson) himself might be cut off. It was obvious, indeed, that if Pope could reach Gordonsville, he would cut off Jackson's supplies, but in this direction he was to be confronted by Gen. Lee with the forces withdrawn from Richmond. With the movement of Jackson the object was to keep Pope between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock rivers until Jackson had attained his position at Manassas, or perhaps at Rappahannock bridge; but Pope's retreat to the Rappahannock's north bank frustrated that design, and rendered it necessary for General Lee to follow up his advantage, and, by a system of feints, to take Pope's attention from his rear and divert it to his front.

On Monday, the 28th of August, at daybreak, General Jackson's corps, consisting of General Ewell's division, General Hill's division, and General Jackson's old division, under command of General Taliaferro, and a force of cavalry under General Stuart, marched from Jeffersonton, in Culpeper county, and crossed the Rappahannock eight miles above that place, and marched via Orleans to Salem, in Fauquier. The next day they passed through Thoroughfare Gap, of Bull Run mountains, to Bristow and Manassas Stations, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, effecting a complete surprise of the enemy, capturing a large number of prisoners, several trains of cars, and immense commissary and quartermaster stores, and several pieces of artillery. The distance marched in these two days was over fifty miles. On Wednesday, Manassas Station

was occupied by Jackson's old division, whilst Ewell occupied Bristow, and Hill and Stuart dispersed the force sent from Alexandria to attack what the enemy supposed to be only a cavalry force.

The amount of property which fell into our hands at Manassas was immense—several trains heavily laden with stores, ten first class locomotives, fifty thousand pounds of bacon, one thousand barrels of beef, two thousand barrels of pork, several thousand barrels of flour, and a large quantity of oats and corn. A bakery, which was daily turning out fifteen thousand loaves of bread, was also destroyed. Next to Alexandria, Manassas was probably the largest depot established for the Northern army in Virginia.

The movement of Jackson which we have briefly sketched is the chief element of the situation in which the decisive engagements of Manassas were fought. In this connection it must be studied; it was the brilliant strategic preface to the most decisive victory yet achieved on the theatre of the war. The corps of Jackson, having headed off the Federal army under Pope, has now possession of Manassas Plains. It had accomplished its design, which was to force Pope back—deprive him completely of direct communication with Washington or Alexandria, and eventually induce his surrender or annihilation.

The principal and anxious topic in the North was, by what eccentric courses the famous Confederate commander had managed to get around the right wing of Pope's army, when it was supposed—and in fact the hasty exultation had already been caught up in the Yankee newspapers—that it was the "rebel" general who was cut off, and that he would probably make a desperate retreat into the mountains to escape the terrours of Pope. Indeed, it was some time before the full and critical meaning of the situation dawned upon the prejudiced mind of the Northern public. The idea was indulged that the capture of Manassas was only a successful raid by a body of rebel guerrillas; and so it was dismissed by the newspapers with a levity, characteristic of their insolence and ignorance.

Weak and credulous as General Pope was, it is probable that the moment he heard that Jackson was in his rear, he was satisfied that it was no raid. The situation had been changed almost in a moment. Pope had evacuated Warrenton Junction and was moving along the railroad upon Manassas, anxious to secure his "line of retreat," and expecting, doubtless, with no little confidence, by rapid marches of a portion of his forces by the turnpike upon Gainesville, to intercept any reinforcements by the way of Thoroughfare Gap to Jackson, and to fall upon and crush him by the weight of numbers. A portion of the Confederate army now fronted to the South, and the Federal army towards Washington. The latter had been swollen by reinforcements, and the advance corps from Burnside was marching on rapidly from Fredericksburg to complete the amassment on the Federal side.

Although the situation of Gen. Pope was one unexpected by himself, and surrounded by many embarrassments, he yet had many circumstances of advantage in which to risk a great and decisive battle. The New York journals persisted in declaring that it was not the infallible Pope, but the "rebel" army that was "in a tight place." At any rate, Pope was not in the situation in which McClellan found himself when his right wing was turned by the Confederates in front of Richmond—that is, without supports or reinforcements. On the contrary, on his right, and on the way up from Fredericksburg, was the new army of the Potomac under Burnside; while advancing forward from Alexandria was the newly organized army of Virginia under McClellan. Such was the array of force that threatened the army we had withdrawn from Richmond, and in which the Northern populace indulged the prospect of a certain and splendid victory.

An encounter of arms of vital consequence was now to ensue on the already historic and famous Plains of Manassas—the beautiful stretch of hill and dale reaching as far as Centreville, varied by amphitheatres, an admirable battle ground; with the scenery of which the Southern troops associated the exciting

thoughts of a former victory and a former shedding of the blood of their beloved and best on the memorable and consecrated spots that marked the field of battle.

The Engagement of Wednesday, the 27th of August.

On Wednesday, the 27th, an attack was made by the enemy upon Bristow Station, and also at Manassas Junction.

On the morning of that day, at about eleven o'clock, Gen. Taylor's brigade, of Major-General Slocum's division of the army of the Potomac, consisting of the first, second, third and fourth New Jersey regiments, were ordered to proceed to Manassas by rail from their camp near Fort Ellsworth, Alexandria.

The brigade arrived at Bull Run bridge about seven o'clock in the morning. The troops landed and crossed the bridge with as little delay as possible, and marched towards Manassas. After ascending the hill emerging from the valley of Bull Run, they encountered a line of skirmishers, of the Confederates, which fell back before them. The brigade marched on in the direction of Manassas, not seeing any of the enemy until within range of the circular series of fortifications around the Junction, when heavy artillery was opened upon them from all directions. General Taylor retired beyond the range of our guns to the rear of a sheltering crest of ground, from which he was driven by our infantry. Crossing at Blackburn's ford, he was pursued by our horse artillery, which fired into him, creating the utmost havoc. The brigade retreated in a disorganized mass of flying men towards Fairfax; it was pursued by our eager troops beyond Centreville, and the track of the flying and cowardly enemy was marked with his dead.

The flight of the enemy was attended by the most wild and terrible scenes, as he was pursued by our horse artillery, pouring canister into his ranks. The brigade was almost annihilated. General Taylor himself, his son on his staff, and his nephew, were wounded; also one half of his officers.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., of the same day, the enemy attacked

General Ewell, at Bristow, and that General, after a handsome little fight, in which he punished the enemy sevcrely, retired across Muddy Run, as had previously been agrced upon, to Manassas Junction. This attack was made by the division of the enemy commanded by Gen. Hooker, which was dispatched to that point and detached from the advancing forces of Pope, who, of course, claimed the result of the affair as a signal Federal success.

Movements of Thursday, the 28th of August.

After sunset on Thursday General Jackson accomplished one of the most beautiful and masterly strategic movements of the war. He found himself many miles in advance of the rest of our army. The enemy might throw his immense columns between him and Longstreet—Alexandria and Washington was to his rear when he turned to attack the enemy. He determined to throw himself upon the enemy's flank, to preserve the same nearness to Alexandria, to place himself within support of the remainder of our army, and to occupy a position from which he could not be driven, even if support did not arrive in time. All this he accomplished that night, after destroying the stores, buildings, cars, &c., and burning the railroad bridges over Muddy Run and Bull Run. He marched at night with his entire force from Manassas Station to Manassas battle-field, crossing the Warrenton Turnpike, and placing his troops in such position that he could confront the enemy should they attempt to advance by the Warrenton pike or by the Sudley road and ford, and have the advantage of communicating by the Aldie road with Longstreet, should he not have passed the Thoroughfare Gap, and at all events gain for himself a safe position for attack or defence. At 7 o'clock, A. M., on Friday, General Stuart encountered the enemy's cavalry near Gainesville, on the Warrenton pike, and drove them back; and during the morning the 2d brigade of General Taliaferro's division, under Colonel Bradley Johnson, again repulsed them. It was now ascertained that the enemy's column was advancing

(or retreating) from Warrenton, along the line of the railroad and by way of the Warrenton Turnpike, and that they intended to pass a part of their force over the Stone Bridge and Sudley ford. Gen. Jackson immediately ordered Gen. Taliaferro to advance with his division to attack their left flank, which was advancing towards Sudley Mill. Gen. Ewell's division marched considerably in the rear of the 1st division. After marching some three miles, it was discovered that the enemy had abandoned the idea of crossing at Sudley, and had left the Warrenton pike to the left, beyond Groveton, and were apparently cutting across to the railroad through the fields and woods. In a few minutes, however, he advanced across the turnpike to attack us, and Jackson's army was thrown forward to meet him.

From this sketch of the movements of the corps commanded by Gen. Jackson, it will be seen that though a portion of our forces, under Gens. Ewell and Jackson, were on Tuesday and and a part of Wednesday, the 26th and 27th August, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, between Pope and Alexandria, on the approach of Pope from Warrenton they withdrew to the west and halted in the vicinity of the Warrenton Turnpike, expecting to be rejoined by Longstreet, where they awaited the approach of the enemy and delivered him battle.

The Battle of Friday, the 29th of August.

The conflict of Friday occurred near the village of Groveton, our right resting just above and near the village, and the left upon the old battle-field of Manassas. The division of General Anderson had not yet arrived, and the corps of Longstreet had not been fully placed in position. The enemy, probably aware of our movements, selected this opportunity to make an attack upon Jackson, hoping thereby to turn our left, destroy our combinations, and disconcert the plans which had already become apparent to the Federal commanders.

Gen. Longstreet's passage of the Thoroughfare Gap in the face of a force of two thousand of the enemy, is one of the most remarkable incidents of the late operations in Northern

Virginia. The Gap is a wild, rude opening through the Bull Run Mountains, varying in width from one hundred to two hundred yards. A rapid stream of water murmurs over the rocks of the rugged defile, along which runs a stony winding road. On either side arise the mountains, those on the left presenting their flat, precipitous faces to the beholder, with here and there a shrub jutting out and relieving the monotonous grey of the rocky mass; and those on the right covered thickly with timber, impassable to any but the most active men. The strong position afforded by this pass, which might have been held against almost any force by a thousand determined troops and a battery of artillery, had been possessed by the enemy, who had planted his batteries at various points and lined the sides of the mountains with his skirmishers. As it was, the passage was effected by Longstreet's division with the loss of only three men wounded. The Yankees behind the rocks were charged and driven in confusion from their hiding places.

Under Jackson and Longstreet, the details of the plan of Gen. Lee had been so far carried out in every respect. For ten days or more the troops of both of these Generals in the advance were constantly under fire. The former had been engaged in no less than four serious fights. Many of the men were barefooted, in rags; provided with only a single blanket as a protection against the heavy dews and severe cold at night; frequently they would get nothing from daylight to daylight; rations at best consisted of hard bread and water, with a rare and economical intermingling of bacon; and the troops were in what at any other time they would have characterized as a suffering condition. Notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, not a murmur of complaint had been heard; marches of twenty, and in one instance of thirty, miles a day had been patiently endured, and the spirit of the army, so far from being broken, was elevated to a degree of enthusiasm which foreboded nothing but the victory it won.

On the morning of the 29th, the Washington Artillery of

New Orleans and several other batteries were planted upon a high hill that commanded the extensive ground over which the enemy were advancing, and just in front of this, perhaps a little to the left, the fight began. The Federals threw forward a heavy column, supported by field batteries, and under cover of their fire made a bold stroke to divide our line. The blow fell upon a portion of Ewell's troops, who were concealed behind the embankment of a railroad, but no sooner had the enemy appeared within close range, than they received a terribly galling fire, which drove them panic-stricken from that portion of the field. As they ran our artillery opened upon the flying mass with shell and round shot. Every ball could be seen taking effect. The enemy fell by scores, until finally the once beautiful line melted confusedly into the woods. Again they renewed the attack, and gradually the fight became general along nearly the entire column of Jackson.

As the afternoon progressed, however, Gen. Lee discovered that strong Yankee reinforcements were coming up, and he accordingly ordered the division of General Hood, belonging to Longstreet's corps, to make a demonstration on the enemy's left. This was done, perhaps an hour before dark, and the moment they became engaged the difference became perceptible at a glance. Jackson, thus strengthened, fought with renewed vigor, and the enemy not knowing the nature of the reinforcements, and diverted by our onset, which compelled him to change his lines, was proportionately weakened. The result was, that at dark Hood's division had driven the forces in front of them three quarters of a mile from our starting point, and had it not been for the lateness of the hour, might have turned the defeat into an utter rout.

The conflict had been terrific. Our troops were advanced several times during the fight, but the enemy fought with desperation, and did not retire until nine o'clock at night, when they sullenly left the field to the Confederates. During the night orders came from head-quarters for our troops to fall back to their original positions, preparatory to our renewal of

the action in the morning. It might have been this simple retrogade movement which led to the mendacious despatch sent by Pope to Washington, stating that he had whipped our army and driven us from the field, but confessing that the Federal loss was eight thousand in killed and wounded.

The Battle of Saturday, the 30th of August.

The grand day of the prolonged contest was yet to dawn. For two days each wing of our army under Generals Longstreet and Jackson had repulsed with vigour attacks made on them separately. Gen. Pope had concentrated the greater portion of the army under his command for a desperate renewal of the attack on our lines. Friday night found those of our men who were not engaged in burying the dead and bringing away the wounded, sleeping upon their arms. All the troops of Longstreet's corps, with the exception of Gen. R. H. Anderson's, which was only three or four miles in the rear, had taken their places in the line of battle, and every one looked forward to the events of the coming day, the anticipations of which had sustained our soldiers under the terrible fatigue, discomforts and deprivations of the ten days' tedious march, by which reinforcements had at last reached the heroic and unyielding Jackson.

With the first streak of daylight visible through the light mist that ascended from the woods, our men were under arms. The pickets of the two armies were within a few hundred yards of each other. Every circumstance indicated that the battle would commence at an early hour in the morning. The waking of a portion of our batteries into life soon after daylight, and the frequent cannonading thereafter, the almost incessant skirmishing in front, with its exciting volleys of musketry, all conspired to produce this impression.

Our line of battle was an obtuse crescent in shape, and at least five miles long. Jackson's line, which formed our left, stretched from Sudley, on Bull Run, along the partly excavated track of the Manassas Independent line of railroad, for a por-

tion of the way, and thence towards a point on the Warrenton Turnpike, about a mile and a half in rear or west of Groveton.

Longstreet's command, which formed our right wing, extended from the point on the turnpike on which Jackson's right flank rested, and prolonged the line of battle far to the right, stretching beyond the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad.

It is thus seen that a point on the Warrenton Turnpike, a mile and a half west of Groveton, was the centre of our position, and the apex of our crescent, whose convexity was towards the west. It was here, in an interval between Jackson's right and Longstreet's left that our artillery was placed. Eight batteries were planted on a commanding elevation.

The enemy's line of battle conformed itself to ours, and took, therefore, a crescent form, of which the centre or more advance portion was at Groveton, whence the wings declined obliquely to the right and left. Their batteries were in rear of their infantry, and occupied the hills which they had held in the fight of July, 1861, but pointed differently.

The disposition of the enemy's forces was, General Heintzelman on the extreme right and Gen. McDowell on the extreme left, while the army corps of Generals Fitz John Porter and Seigel, and Reno's division of General Burnside's army, were placed in the centre.

The elevation occupied by our artillery, under command of Colonel Stephen D. Lee, of South Carolina, was the most commanding ground that could have been selected for the purpose. It was about the centre of the entire army. To the front, the land breaks beautifully into hill and dale, forming a sort of amphitheatre. Around the field, and occasionally shooting into it in narrow bands, are heavy woods.

Early in the morning the immense masses of the enemy's infantry were seen in line of battle, and far in the distance immense clouds of dust filled the heavens. During this time our batteries were pitching their shot and shell into the Federal ranks, and returning the fire of their artillery on the brow

of an opposite hill. Sometimes it was fierce, but generally it was a deliberate, casual interchange of fire.

About 1 A. M. a regiment advanced rapidly on the enemy's left, determined to drive out our pickets from an orchard, where all the morning they had been keeping up a brisk fire. This effort succeeded, and our brave sharp-shooters retired through the orchard in good order. As soon as they got well out of the way, our batteries opened upon the enemy, and in ten minutes they were retreating, sheltering themselves in the ravines and behind a barn. At 2 o'clock, the forces that had been moving almost the whole day towards our left, began to move in the opposite direction, and it appeared that they were retiring towards Manassas, two or three miles distant. Several attempts were now made to advance upon our left like those to drive in our pickets on our right, but a few shells served to scatter the skirmishers and drive them into the woods that skirted this beautiful valley on either hand. When it appeared more than probable that the enemy, foiled in his attempt to make us bring on the fight by these little advances on our right and left, was about to retire, and merely kept up the cannonading in order to conceal his retreat, suddenly, at 4 P. M., there belched forth from every brazen throat in our batteries a volley that seemed to shake the very earth.

It was at this instant that the battle was joined. As the sporting whirls of smoke drifted away the cause of the tumult was at once discerned. A dense column of infantry, several thousand strong, which had been massed behind and near a strip of woods, had moved out to attack Jackson, whose men were concealed behind an excavation on the railroad. As soon as they were discovered our batteries opened with tremendous power, but the Federals moved boldly forward, until they came within the range of our small arms, where for fully fifteen minutes they remained desperately engaged with our infantry. As the fight progressed, a second line emerged from the cover and went to the support of those in front, and finally a third line marched out into the open field below us and there halted,

hesitated, and soon commenced firing over the heads of their comrades beyond.

Jackson's infantry raked these three columns terribly. Repeatedly did they break and run, and rally again under the energetic appeals of their officers, for it was a crack corps of the Federal army—that of Generals Sykes and Morrell; but it was not in human nature to stand unflinchingly before that hurricane of fire. As the fight progressed, Lee moved his batteries to the left, until reaching a position only four hundred yards distant from the enemy's lines, he opened again. The spectacle was now magnificent. As shell after shell burst in the wavering ranks, and round shot ploughed broad gaps among them, one could distinctly see through the rifts of smoke the Federal soldiers falling and flying on every side. With the explosion of every bomb, it seemed as if scores dropped dead, or writhed in agony upon the field. Some were crawling on their hands and knees; some were piled up together; and some were lying scattered around in every attitude that imagination can conceive,

Presently the Yankee columns began to break and men to fall out to the rear. The retreating numbers gradually increase, and the great mass, without line or form, now move back like a great multitude without guide or leader. From a slow, steady walk, the great mass, or many parts of it, move at a run. Jackson's men, yelling like devils, now charge upon the scattered crowd; but it is easily seen that they themselves had severely suffered, and were but a handful compared with the overwhelming forces of the enemy. The flags of two or three regiments do not appear to be more than fifty yards apart. The brilliant affair has not occupied more than half an hour, but in that brief time more than a thousand Yankees have been launched into eternity, or left mangled on the ground.

The whole scene of battle now changes. It will be seen in referring to the disposition of our forces that Jackson's line, which formed our left, stretched from Bull Run towards a point

on the Warrenton turnpike. In his severe action with the enemy his left, advancing more rapidly than his right, had swept around by the Pittsylvania House, and was pressing the Federals back towards the turnpike. It was now the golden opportunity for Longstreet to attack the exposed left flank of the enemy in front of him.

Hood's Brigade formed Longstreet's left, and, of course, charged next the turnpike. In its track it met Sickles' Excelsior Brigade, and almost annihilated it. The ground was piled with the slain. Pickett's Brigade was on the right of Hood's, next came Jenkins' Brigade, and next was Kemper's, which charged near the Conrad House. Evans' and Anderson's were the reserve, and subsequently came into action.

Not many minutes elapsed after the order to attack passed along our entire line before the volleys of platoons, and finally the rolling reports of long lines of musketry, indicated that the battle was in full progress. The whole army was now in motion. The woods were full of troops, and the order for the supports to forward at a quick step was received with enthusiastic cheers, by the elated men. The din was almost deafening, the heavy notes of the artillery, at first deliberate, but gradually increasing in their rapidity, mingled with the sharp treble of the small arms, gave one an idea of some diabolical concert in which all the furies of hell were at work. Through the woods, over gently rolling hills, now and then through an open field we travel on towards the front. From an elevation we obtain a view of a considerable portion of the field. Hood and Kemper are now hard at it, and as they press forward, never yielding an inch, sometimes at a double quick, you hear those unmistakeable yells, which tell of a Southern charge or a Southern success.

Reaching the vicinity of the Chinn House, the eye at once embraces the entire vista of battle—at least that portion of it which is going on in front of Longstreet. Some of our men are in the woods in the rear, and some in the open field which stretches the undulating surface far away towards Bull Run. The old battle ground is plainly discernible less than

two miles distant, and to the right and left, as well as in front, the country is comparatively unobstructed by heavy woods. Just before you, only three or four hundred yards away, are the infantry of the enemy, and at various points in the rear are their reserves and batteries. Between the armies, the ground is already covered with the dead and wounded, for a distance lengthwise of nearly a mile.

Our own artillery are likewise upon commanding positions, and you hear the heavy rush of shot, the terrible dumps into the ground, and the crash of trees through which they tear with resistless force on every side.

Nothing can withstand the impetuosity of our troops. Every line of the enemy has been broken and dispersed, but rallies again upon some other position behind. Hood has already advanced his division nearly half a mile at a double-quick, the Texans, Georgians and Hampton Legion loading and firing as they run, yelling all the while like madmen. They have captured one or two batteries and various stands of colors, and are still pushing the enemy before them. Evans, at the head of his brigade, is following on the right, as their support, and pouring in his effective volleys. Jenkins has come in on the right of the Chinn House, and, like an avalanche, sweeps down upon the legions before him with resistless force. Still further to the right is Longstreet's old brigade, composed of Virginians—veterans of every battle-field—all of whom are fighting like furies. The First Virginia, which opened the fight at Bull Run on the 17th of July, 1861, with over six hundred men, now reduced to less than eighty members, is winning new laurels; but out of the little handful, more than a third have already bit the dust. Toombs and Anderson, with the Georgians, together with Kemper and Jenkins, are swooping around on the right, flanking the Federals, and driving them towards their centre and rear. Eschelman, with his company of the Washington Artillery; Major Garnett, with his battalion of Virginia batteries, and others of our big guns, are likewise working

around upon the enemy's left, and pouring an enfilading fire into both their infantry and artillery.

While the grand chorus of battle is thundering along our front, Jackson has closed in upon the enemy on their right, and Longstreet has similarly circumscribed them on their left. In other words, the V shaped lines with which we commenced the engagement have opened at the angle, while the two opposite ends of the figure are coming together. Lee has advanced his battalion of artillery from the centre, and from hill-top to hill-top, wherever he can effect a lodgement, lets loose the racing masses of iron that chase each other through the Federal ranks. Pryor, Featherstone and Wilcox being on the extreme left of Longstreet's line, are co-operating with the army of Jackson.

It was at this point of the battle, when our infantry pouring down from the right and left, made one of the most terrible and sublime bayonet charges in the records of war. There was seen emerging from the dust a long, solid mass of men, coming down upon the worn and disheartened Federals, at a bayonet charge, on the double-quick. This line of bayonets, in the distance, presented a spectacle at once awful, sublime, terrible and overwhelming. "They came on," said a Northern account referring to the Confederates, "like demons emerging from the earth." With grim and terrible energy, our men came up within good range of the enemy's columns; they take his fire without a halt; a momentary confusion ensues as the leaden showers are poured into our ranks; but the next moment the bugles sound the order to our phalanxes, and instantly the huge mass of Confederates is hurled against the enemy's left wing. The divisions of Reno and Schenck—the choicest veterans of the Federal army are swept away. Setting up a yell of triumph, our men push over the piles of their own dead, and the corpses of many a Federal, using the bayonet at close quarters with the enemy.

The rout of the enemy was complete. It had been a task of almost superhuman labour to drive the enemy from his strong points, defended as they were by the best artillery and

infantry in the Federal army, but in less than four hours from the commencement of the battle our indomitable energy had accomplished every thing. The arrival of R. H. Anderson with his reserves soon after the engagement was fairly opened, proved a timely acquisition, and the handsome manner in which he brought his troops into position showed the cool and skillful General. Our Generals, Lee, Longstreet, Jackson, Hood, Kemper, Evans, Jones, Jenkins, and others, all shared the dangers to which they exposed their men. How well their Colonels and the subordinate officers performed their duty is best testified by the list of killed and wounded.

In determining the fortunes of the battle our cavalry had in more than one instance played a conspicuous part.

As the columns of the enemy began to give way, General Beverly Robinson was ordered by Gen. Longstreet to charge the flying masses with his brigade of cavalry. The brigade numbering a thousand men, composed of Munford's, Myers', Harman's and Flournoy's regiments, was immediately put in motion, but before reaching the infantry General Robinson discovered a brigade of the enemy fifteen hundred strong drawn up on the crest of a hill directly in his front. Leaving one of his regiments in reserve, he charged with the other three full at the enemy's ranks. As our men drew near, the whole of the Yankee line fired them a volley from their carbines, most of the bullets, however, whistling harmlessly over their heads. In another instant the enemy received the terrific shock of our squadrons. There was a pause, a hand-to-hand fight for a moment, and the enemy broke and fled in total rout. All organization was destroyed, and every man trusted for his safety only in the heels of his horse.

Night closed upon the battle. When it was impossible to use fire-arms the heavens were lit up by the still continued flashes of the artillery, and the meteor flight of shells scattering their iron spray. By this time the enemy had been forced across Bull Run, and their dead covered every acre from the starting point of the fight to the Stone Bridge. In its first

stages the retreat of the enemy was a wild, frenzied rout; the great mass of the enemy moving at a full run, scattered over the fields and trampling upon the dead and living in the mad agony of their flight. The whole army was converted into a mob; regiments and companies were no longer distinguishable; and the panic stricken fugitives were slaughtered at every step of their retreat—our cavalry cutting them down, or our infantry driving their bayonets into their backs.

In crossing Bull Run many of the enemy were drowned, being literally dragged and crushed under the water, which was not more than waist deep, by the crowds of frenzied men pressing and trampling upon each other in the stream. On reaching Centreville the flight of the enemy was arrested by the appearance of about thirty thousand fresh Yankee troops—General Franklin's corps. The mass of fugitives was here rallied, to the extent of forming it again into columns, and with this appearance of organization, it was resolved by General Pope to continue his retreat to the entrenchments of Washington.

Thus ended the second great battle of Manassas. We had driven the enemy up hill and down, a distance of two and a half miles, strewing this great space with his dead, captured thirty pieces of artillery, and some six or eight thousand stand of arms. Seven thousand prisoners were paroled on the field of battle. For want of transportation valuable stores had to be destroyed as captured, while the enemy, at their various depots, are reported to have burned many millions of property in their retreat.

The appearance of the field of battle attested in the most terrible and hideous manner the carnage in the ranks of the enemy. Over the gullies, ravines and valleys, which divided the opposite hills the dead and wounded lay by thousands, as far as the eye could reach. The woods were full of them. In front of the Chinn House, which had been converted into a hospital, the havoc was terrible. The ground was strewn not only with men, but arms, ammunition, provisions, haversacks,

canteens, and whatever else the affrighted Federals could throw away, to facilitate their flight. In front of the positions occupied by Jackson's men, the killed were more plentiful. In many instances as many as eighty or ninety dead marked the place where had fought a single Yankee regiment. Around the Henry and Robinson houses the dead were more scattered, as if they were picked off, or killed while running. The body of a dead Yankee was found lying at full length upon the grave of the aged Mrs. Henry, who was killed by the enemy's balls in the old battle that had raged upon this spot. Three others were upon the very spot where Bartow fell, and within a few feet of the death place of Gen. Bee was still another group. A little further on a wounded Federal had lain for the last two days and nights, when by extending his hand on either side he could touch the dead bodies of his companions. His head was pillowed on one of these. Confederate soldiers were also to be found in the midst of these putrifying masses of death; but these were comparatively rare. The scenes of the battle-field were rendered ghastly by an extraordinary circumstance. There was not a dead Yankee in all that broad field who had not been stripped of his shoes or stockings—and in numerous cases been left as naked as the hour he was born. Our bare-footed and ragged men had not hesitated to supply their necessities even from the garments and equipments of the dead.

The enemy admitted a loss down to Friday night of 17,000 men, Pope officially stating his loss on that day to have been 8,000. In one of the Baltimore papers it was said that the entire Yankee loss, including that of Saturday, was 32,000 men—killed, wounded and prisoners. This statement allows 15,000 for the loss on Saturday. That the loss of that particular day was vastly greater than the enemy admit, we take to be certain. They are not the persons to over-estimate their own losses, and, in the meantime, Gen. Lee tells us that over 7,000 of them were taken and paroled on the field. If they fought the battle with anything like the desperation they pre-

tend, considering that it lasted five hours, they certainly had more than 8,000 killed and wounded. Four days after the battle there were still three thousand wounded Yankees uncared for within the lines of Gen. Lee. It is very certain, if they were not cared for, it was because the number of wounded was so great that their turn had not come. Our own wounded, not exceeding, it is said, 3,000, could very well be attended to in a day, and then the turn of the Yankees would come. Yet so numerous were they, that at the end of four days three thousand of them had not received surgical assistance. This indicates an enormous list of wounded, and confirms the report of one officer, who puts down their killed at 5,000, and their wounded at three times that figure, making 20,000 killed and wounded, and of others who say that their killed and wounded were to us in the proportion of five, six, and even seven to one. As many prisoners were taken, who were not included in the 7,000 paroled men mentioned by Gen. Lee, we do not think we make an over-estimate when we set down the whole Yankee loss at 30,000 in round numbers. Their loss on Friday, estimated by Pope himself at 8,000, added to their loss on Saturday, makes 38,000. Previous operations, including the battle of Cedar Run, the several expeditions of Stuart, and the various skirmishes in which we were almost uniformly victorious, we should think would fairly bring the total loss of the enemy to 50,000 men, since our forces first crossed the Rapidan. This is a result almost unequalled in the history of modern campaigns.

The results of Gen. Lee's strategy were indicative of the resources of military genius. Day after day the enemy were beaten, until his disasters culminated on the plains of Manassas. Day after day our officers and men manifested their superiority to the enemy. The summer campaign in Virginia had been conducted by a single army. The same toil-worn troops who had relieved from seige the city of Richmond, had advanced to meet another invading army, reinforced not only by the defeated army of McClellan, but by the fresh corps of

Generals Burnside and Hunter. The trials and marches of these troops are extraordinary in history. Transportation was inadequate; the streams which they had to cross were swollen to unusual height; it was only by forced marches and repeated combats they could turn the position of the enemy, and, at last succeeding in this, and forming a junction of their columns, in the face of greatly superior forces, they fought the decisive battle of the 30th of August, the crowning triumph of their toil and valour.

The route of the extraordinary marches of our troops presented, for long and weary miles, the touching pictures of the trials of war. Broken down soldiers (not all "stragglers") lined the road. At night time they might be found asleep in every conceivable attitude of discomfort—on fence rails and in fence corners—some half bent, others almost erect, in ditches and on steep hill-sides, some without blanket or overcoat. Day-break found them drenched with dew, but strong in purpose; with half rations of bread and meat, ragged and barefooted, they go cheerfully forward. No nobler spectacle was ever presented in history. These beardless youths and gray-haired men, who thus spent their nights like the beasts of the field, were the best men of the land—of all classes, trades and professions. The spectacle was such as to inspire the prayer that ascended from the sanctuaries of the South—that God might reward the devotion of these men to principle and justice by crowning their labours and sacrifices with that blessing which always bringeth peace.

The victory which had crowned the campaign of our armies in Virginia, illuminates the names of all associated with it. But in the achievement of that victory, and in the history of that campaign, there is one name which, in a few months, had mounted to the zenith of fame; which in dramatic associations, in rapid incidents, and in swift and sudden renown, challenged comparison with the most extraordinary phenomena in the annals of military genius. This remark is not invidious in its spirit, nor is it forced into the context of this sketch. A per-

sonal allusion may be spared in the narrative, when that allusion is to the most remarkable man in the history of this war.

We refer to General Stonewall Jackson and that wonderful chapter of military achievements which commenced in the Valley of Virginia and concluded at Manassas. It was difficult to say what this man had not accomplished that had ever before been accomplished in history with equal means and in an equal period of time.

In the spring Gen. Jackson had been placed in command of the small army of observation which held the upper valley of the Shenandoah and the country about Staunton. It was intended that he should remain *quàsi* inactive, to watch the enemy and to wait for him; but he soon commenced manœuvering on his own responsibility, and ventured upon a scale of operations that threw the higher military authorities at Richmond into a fever of anxiety and alarm.

In less than thirty days he dashed at Fremont's advance, west of Staunton, and driving it back, wheeled his army, swept down the Valley and drove Banks across the Potomac. Returning to the upper Valley, he manœuvered around for three weeks—in the meantime dealing Fremont a heavy blow at Cross Keys and defeating Shields in the Luray valley—and, then suddenly swept down the Virginia Central Railroad, via Gordonsville, on McClellan's right, before Richmond. The part he played in winding up the campaign on the Peninsula is well known. Almost before the smoke had lifted from the bloody field of the Chickahominy, we hear of him again on his old stamping ground above Gordonsville. Cedar Mountain was fought and won from Pope before he knew his campaign was opened. Jackson fell back, but only to flank him on the right. Pope retired from the Rapidan to the Rappahannock, but Jackson swung still further round to the North and outflanked him again. Yet again he gave up the Rappahannock and fell back south of Warrenton, and, for the third time, Jackson out-

flanked him through Thoroughfare Gap, and at last got in his rear. Pope now had to fight; and the victory which perched upon our banners was the most brilliant of the war.

It is curious to observe with what insolent confidence the North had anticipated a crowning triumph of its arms on the field of Manassas, even when the air around Washington was burdened with the signals of its defeat. The North did not tolerate the idea of defeat. On the very day of the battle, Washington was gay with exultation and triumph over an imagined victory. At thirty minutes past twelve o'clock, the Washington *Star* published a dispatch declaring, that it had learned from parties just from Fairfax county, that the firing had stopped; and adding, "we trust the fact means a surrender of the rebels, and do not see how it can mean aught else." At a later hour of the afternoon, a dispatch was received at the War Department, from Major-General Pope, announcing a brilliant victory in a decisive battle with the Confederate forces on the old Bull Run battle-field. It was stated that he had defeated the Confederate army, and was driving it in discomfiture before him. This dispatch had a magical effect. The War Department, contrary to its usual custom, not only permitted, but officially authorized the publication of the dispatch. Citizens of every grade, of both sexes and of all ages, were seen in groups around the corners and in the places of public resort speculating upon the particulars and the consequences of the decisive victory reported. The triumph of the Federal arms was apparently shown to be more complete by reason of the announcement that General Stonewall Jackson, with sixteen thousand of his troops, had been cut off and captured.

It was at this point of exultation that another dispatch was received from General Pope, stating that the uncertain tide of battle had unfortunately turned against the Federal army, and that he had been compelled to abandon the battle-field during the evening. The revulsion was great; the untimely hallelujahs were interrupted, and the population of Washington, from

its hasty and indecent exultations of the morning, was soon to be converted into a panic-stricken community, trembling for its own safety.

Indeed, the victory achieved by the Confederates was far more serious than the most lively alarm in Washington could at first imagine. The next morning after the battle, the last feeble resistance of the Federals at Centreville was broken. The finishing stroke was given by the Confederates under Gen. A. P. Hill, who, on the 1st of September, (Monday,) encountered a large body of the enemy at Germantown, a small village in Fairfax county, near the main road leading from Centreville to Fairfax Court House. The enemy, it appears, had succeeded in rallying a sufficient number of their routed troops at the point named, to make another show of opposition to the advance of the victorious Confederates on their capital. On Sunday, the pursuit of Pope's army was commenced and pressed with vigour on the Fairfax Court House road, and on Monday morning at daylight the enemy were discovered drawn up in line of battle across the road, their right extending to the village of Germantown. General Hill immediately ordered the attack, and after a brief but hotly contested fight, the enemy withdrew. During the night, the enemy fell back to Fairfax Court House and abandoned his position at Centreville. The next day, about noon, he evacuated Fairfax Court House, taking the roads to Alexandria and Washington.

Thus were realized the full and glorious results of the second victory of Manassas; thus were completed the great objects of the brilliant summer campaign of 1862 in Virginia; and thus, for a second time, on the famous borders of the Potomac, the gates were thrown wide open to the invasion of the North, and to new fields of enterprise for the victorious armies of the South.

VII.

We do not propose to extend this narrative by any detailed accounts of the operations of our army across the borders of the Potomac. We shall follow it into Maryland and name the events that induced its return to Virginia, merely for the purpose of summing the results of the campaign, and reaching a stand-point of intelligent reflection on the situation as it exists at the time of this writing.

There is one point to which the mind naturally refers for a just historical interpretation of the Maryland campaign. The busy attempts of newspapers to pervert the truth of history have been renewed in an effort to misrepresent the designs of General Lee in crossing the Potomac, as limited to a mere incursion, the object of which was to take Harper's Ferry, and that accomplished, to return into Virginia and await the movements of McClellan. It is not possible that our commanding general can be a party to this pitiful deceit, to cover up any failure of his, or that he has viewed with anything but disgust the offer of falsehood and misrepresentation made to him by flatterers.

Let it be freely confessed, that the object of General Lee in crossing the Potomac was to hold and occupy Maryland; that his proclamation issued at Frederick, offering protection to the Marylanders, is incontrovertible evidence of this fact; that he was forced to return to Virginia, not by stress of any single battle, but by the force of many circumstances, some of which history will blush to record; that, in these respects, the Maryland campaign was a failure. But it was a failure relieved by brilliant episodes, mixed with at least one extraordinary triumph of our arms, and to a great extent compensated by many solid results.

In the brief campaign in Maryland, our army had given the

most brilliant illustrations of valour; it had given the enemy at Harper's Ferry a reverse without parallel in the history of the war; it had inflicted upon him a loss in men and material greater than our own; and, in retreating into Virginia, it left him neither spoils nor prisoners, as evidence of the successes he claimed. The indignant comment of the New York *Tribune* on Lee's retirement into Virginia is the enemy's own record of the barren results that were left them. "He leaves us," said this paper, "the *debris* of his late camps, two disabled pieces of artillery, a few hundred of his stragglers, perhaps two thousand of his wounded, and as many more of his unburied dead. Not a sound field-piece, caisson, ambulance or wagon, not a tent, a box of stores or a pound of ammunition. He takes with him the supplies gathered in Maryland, and the rich spoils of Harper's Ferry." The same paper declared, that the failure of Maryland to rise or to contribute recruits, (all the accessions to our force, obtained in this State, did not exceed eight hundred men,) was the defeat of Lee, and about the only defeat he did sustain; that the Confederate losses proceeded mainly from the failure of their own exaggerated expectations; that Lee's retreat over the Potomac was a master-piece; and, that the manner in which he combined Hill and Jackson for the envelopment of Harper's Ferry, while he checked the Federal columns at Hagerstown Heights and Crampton Gap, was probably the best achievement of the war.

It is easy by a general outline to track the brief but memorable campaign in Maryland.

After the advance of our army to Frederick, the Northern journals were filled with anxious reports of a movement of our troops in the direction of Pennsylvania. It now appears that while the people of the North were agitated with these reports there was really no foundation for them, and that for the present the important movement undertaken by Gen. Lee was in the direction of Virginia. It appears that for this purpose our forces in Maryland were divided into three corps, commanded by Generals Jackson, Longstreet and Hill. The forces under

Jackson, having re-crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, and taken possession of Martinsburg, had then passed rapidly behind Harper's Ferry, that a capture might be effected of the garrison and stores known to be there. In the meantime the corps of Longstreet and Hill were put in position to cover the operations of Jackson, and to hold back McClellan's forces, which were advancing to the relief of Harper's Ferry.

The first we hear of McClellan is at Boonsboro', Washington county, which is nearly equi-distant from Frederick, Harper's Ferry, and Hagerstown, being between twelve and fifteen miles from each. Near this place, at a point where the turnpike road crosses the Blue ridge, and where Generals D. H. Hill and Stuart had been posted to guard the passes of the mountain, occurred the battle of Sunday, the 14th September. In this engagement Gen. Hill's right had been forced back; he was reinforced by Longstreet, who restored our right, successfully resisted the enemy's most determined efforts to force a passage, and rendered his intended relief of Harper's Ferry impossible of accomplishment.

While this action was in progress, and the enemy attempting to force his way through the main pass on the Frederick and Hagerstown road, the capture of Harper's Ferry was accomplished by the army corps of General Jackson. The extent of this conquest is determined by the following dispatch of Gen. Jackson:

HEADQUARTERS VALLEY DISTRICT,
September 16th, 1862.

COLONEL: Yesterday God crowned our arms with another brilliant success on the surrender, at Harper's Ferry, of Brigadier-General White and 11,000 troops, an equal number of small arms, 73 pieces of artillery and about 200 wagons.

In addition to other stores, there is a large amount of camp and garrison equipage. Our loss was very small. The meritorious conduct of officers and men will be mentioned in a more extended report.

I am, Colonel,
Your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

COL. R. H. CHILTON, A. A. General.

The force which surrendered at Harper's Ferry consisted of twelve regiments of infantry, three companies of cavalry and six companies of artillery.

On the 17th of September it appears that General Lee had retired to unite his whole army to confront the still advancing forces of McClellan, which, having obtained possession of Crampton's Gap on the direct road from Frederick City to Sharpsburg, were pressing our forces and seemed determined on a decisive battle. Sharpsburgh is about ten miles north of Harper's Ferry, and about eight miles west of Boonsboro'.

The close of the great battle of Sharpsburg, fought against three-fold odds, left us at night in possession of one of the bloodest fields in history. The next morning McClellan had disappeared from our front; and knowing the superiority of the enemy's numbers, and not willing to risk the combinations he was attempting, Gen. Lee crossed the Potomac without molestation and took position at or near Shepherdstown.

Such have been the general movements of the Maryland campaign.* We have referred to it in this general manner

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*It would be difficult to find a more just summary of the campaign in Northern Virginia and on the Upper Potomac, or one the statements of which may be more safely appropriated by history than the following address of Gen. Lee to his army:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 2d, 1862.

General Orders, No. 116.

In reviewing the achievements of the army during the present campaign, the Commanding General cannot withhold the expression of his admiration of the indomitable courage it has displayed in battle, and its cheerful endurance of privation and hardship on the march.

Since your great victories around Richmond you have defeated the enemy at Cedar Mountain, expelled him from the Rappahannock, and, after a conflict of three days, utterly repulsed him on the Plains of Manassas, and forced him to take shelter within the fortifications around his capital.

Without halting for repose you crossed the Potomac, stormed the heights of Harper's Ferry, made prisoners of more than eleven thousand men, and captured upwards of seventy pieces of artillery, all their small arms and other munitions of war.

While one corps of the army was thus engaged, the other insured its suc-

merely to determine its historical features, without an enumeration of details. We have seen that it was mixed with much of triumph to us; that it added lustre to our arms; that it inflicted no loss upon us for which we did not exact full retribution; that it left the enemy nothing but barren results; and that it gave us a valuable lesson of the state of public opinion in Maryland.

The army which rests again in Virginia has made a history that will flash down the tide of time a lustre of glory. It has done an amount of marching and fighting that appears almost incredible even to those minds familiar with the records of great military exertions. Leaving the banks of James River, it proceeded directly to the line of the Rappahannock, and moving out from that river, it fought its way to the Potomac, crossed that stream and moved on to Fredericktown and Hagerstown, had a heavy engagement at Boonsboro' Gap, and another at Crampton Gap below, fought the greatest pitched

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cess by arresting at Boonsboro' the combined armies of the enemy, advancing under their favourite General to the relief of their beleaguered comrades.

On the field of Sharpsburg, with less than one-third his numbers, you resisted, from daylight until dark, the whole army of the enemy, and repulsed every attack along his entire front, of more than four miles in extent.

The whole of the following day you stood prepared to resume the conflict on the same ground, and retired next morning, without molestation, across the Potomac.

Two attempts, subsequently made by the enemy, to follow you across the river, have resulted in his complete discomfiture, and being driven back with loss.

Achievements such as these demanded much valour and patriotism. History records few examples of greater fortitude and endurance than this army has exhibited; and I am commissioned by the President to thank you, in the name of the Confederate States for the undying fame you have won for their arms.

Much as you have done, much more remains to be accomplished. The enemy again threatens us with invasion, and to your tried valour and patriotism the country looks with confidence for deliverance and safety. Your past exploits give assurance that this confidence is not misplaced.

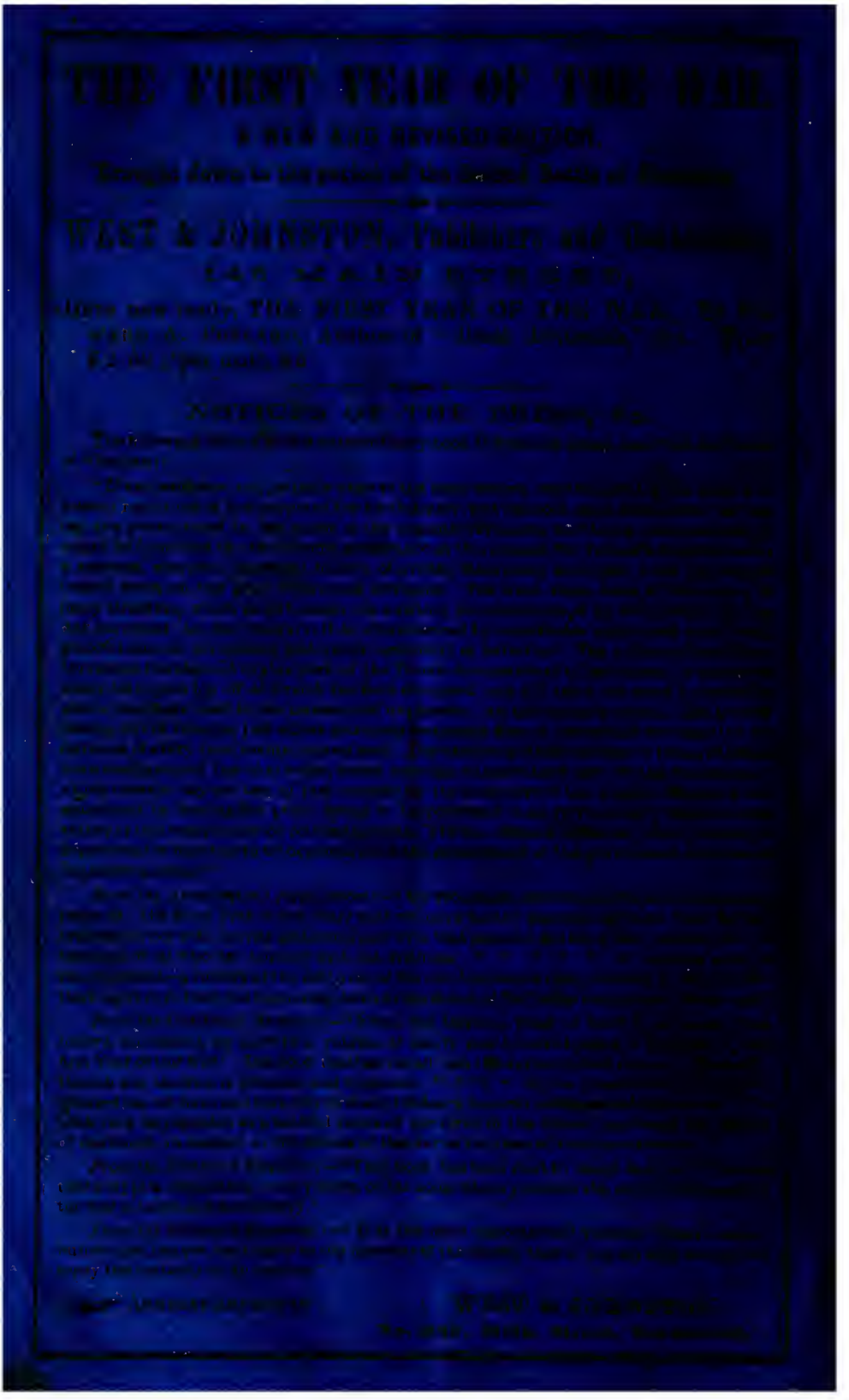
R. E. LEE,
General Commanding."

battle of the war at Sharpsburg; and then re-crossed the Potomac back into Virginia. During all this time, covering the full space of a month, the troops rested but four days. Of the men who performed these wonders one-fifth of them were barefooted, one-half of them in rags, and the whole of them half-famished.

The remarkable campaign which we have briefly sketched, extending from the banks of the James River to those of the Potomac, has impressed the world with wonder and admiration, has excited an outburst of applause among living nations, which anticipates the verdict of posterity, and has set the whole of Europe ringing with praises of the heroism and fighting qualities of the Southern armies. The South is already obtaining some portion of the moral rewards of this war, in the estimation in which she is held by the great martial nations of the world. She has purchased the rank with a bloody price. She has extorted homage from the most intelligent and influential organs of public opinion in the Old World, from men well versed in the history of ancient and modern times, and from those great critics of cotemporary history, which are least accustomed to the language of extravagant compliment. The following tribute from the London "Times," is echoed by the other journals of Europe. It is no ordinary heroism that could draw such a tribute from such a source; and in the midst of new auguries, the pressure of current events, and the uncertainty of the future, we may, yet, pause with confidence to transcribe it as a memorial and testimony to posterity:

"The people of the Confederate States have made themselves famous. If the renown of brilliant courage, stern devotion to a cause, and military achievements almost without a parallel, can compensate men for the toil and privations of the hour, then the countrymen of Lee and Jackson may be consoled amid their sufferings. From all parts of Europe, from their enemies as well as their friends, from those who condemn their acts as well as those who sympathize with them, comes the tribute of admiration. When the history of this war is written the admiration will doubtless become deeper and stronger, for the veil which has covered the South will be drawn away and disclose a picture of patriotism, of unanimous self-sacrifice, of wise and firm

administration, which we can now only see indistinctly. The details of that extraordinary national effort which has led to the repulse and almost to the destruction of an invading force of more than half a million men, will then become known to the world, and, whatever may be the fate of the new nationality, or its subsequent claims to the respect of mankind, it will assuredly begin its career with a reputation for genius and valour which the most famous nations may envy."



THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR.

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